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The Blood of The Prophets

BY

DEXTER WALLACE

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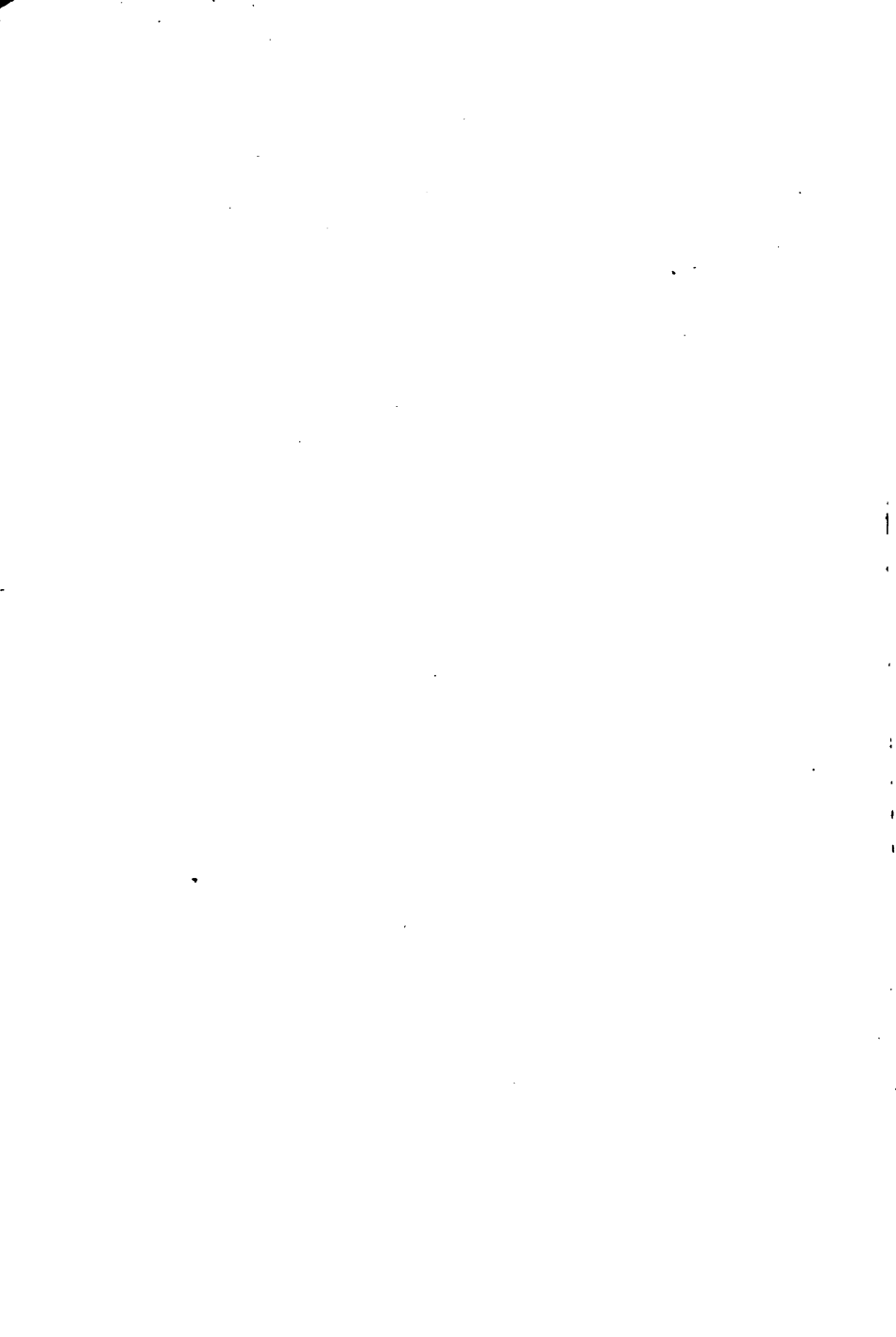


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THE BLOOD OF THE PROPHETS

The Blood of The Prophets

By DEXTER WALLACE

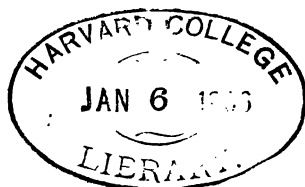
« Ἡ ἐκεῖνοι οἱ δέκα ὀκτώ, ἐφ' οὓς ἔπεσεν ὁ πύργος ἐν τῷ Σιλωάμ καὶ ἀπέκτεινεν αὐτούς, δοκεῖτε ὅτι αὐτοὶ ὀφειλέται ἐγένοντο παρὰ πάντας ἀνθρώπους τοὺς κατοικοῦντας Ἱερουσαλήμ; Οὐχὶ, λέγω ὑμῖν, ἀλλ' ἐὰν μὴ μετανοήσητε ἅπαντες ὡσαύτως ἀπολείσδε. »



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BALLAD OF JESUS OF NAZARETH

“And they were more fierce, saying: He stirreth up the people, teaching throughout all Jewry, beginning from Galilee to this place.” St. Luke xxiii. 5.

Ballad of Jesus of Nazareth.

While the star shone the angels saw
 The tombs these children built
For those the world had driven out,
 And smitten to the hilt,
God knew these wretched sons would bear
 The self-same bloody guilt.

Always had he who strives for men
 But done some other thing,
If he had not led a hermit life,
 Or had not had his fling,
We would have followed him, they say,
 And made him lord and King.

For John was clothed in camel's hair
 And lived among the brutes;
But Jesus fared where the feast was spread
 To the sound of shawms and lutes,
Where gathered knaves and publicans
 And hapless prostitutes.

Ballad of Jesus of Nazareth.

Like children in the market place
Who sullen sat and heard,
With John they would not mourn, nor yet
Rejoice at Jesus' word;
Had Jesus mourned, or John rejoiced,
He had been King and lord.

II.

From Bethlehem until the day
He came up to the feast
We hear no word, we only know
In wisdom he increased,
We know the marvelous boy did awe
The Pharisee and priest.

For wearied men wake to admire
A genius in the bud;
Before the passion of the world
Flows through him like a flood;
Ere he becomes a scourge to those
Who drink of mankind's blood.

Ballad of Jesus of Nazareth.

Perhaps in him they saw an arm
 To keep the people still ;
And fool the meek and slay the weak
 And give the King his will ;
And put a wall for armed men
 'Round every pleasant hill.

And this is why in after years
 The Galilean wept ;
The cup of youth was sweet with truth
 But a green worm in it crept ;
And that was dullness clothed in power,
 And hate which never slept.

Through twenty years he drove the plane,
 And shaped with ax and saw ;
And dreamed upon the Hebrew writ
 Unto a day of awe,
When he felt the world fit to his grasp
 As by a mighty law.

Ballad of Jesus of Nazareth.

He looked upon the sunny sky,
And 'round the flowering earth;
He heard the poor man's groan of woe,
And the prince's song of mirth;
Then Jesus vowed the life of man
Should have another birth.

And this is why the Son of Man
Wept when he knew the loss,
The toil and sacrifice to cleanse
A little earthly dross;
And that a god to save twelve men
Must die upon the cross.

III.

'Twas on a pleasant day in June
Beneath an azure sky
That 'round him stood the multitude
And saw within his eye
The light that from nor sun nor star
Ever was known to fly.

Ballad of Jesus of Nazareth.

And some came out to scoff and laugh,
And some to lay a snare;
The rhetorician gaped to see
The learned carpenter.
The money changer, judge and priest,
And statesman all were there.

Some thought the Galilean mad;
Some asked, is he sincere?
Some said he played the demagogue
To gain the people's ear,
And raise a foe against the law
That lawful men should fear.

But all the while did Cæsar's might
Grow big with blood and lust;
And no one brooked his tyrant arm,
For the statesman said the crust
That paupers gnaw is by the law,
And that the law is just.

Ballad of Jesus of Nazareth.

From hunger's hovel, from the streets;
From horror's blackened niche
Earth's mourners came and hands were stretched
To touch him from the ditch.
Then rose a Scribe and said he turned
The poor against the rich.

And those who hated Cæsar's rule,
Albeit sowed the lie
That Jesus stirred sedition up
That he might profit by
A revolution, which should clothe
Himself in monarchy.

Through twice a thousand years the world
Has missed the words he taught;
To forms and creeds and empty show
Christ never gave a thought,
But wrongs that men do unto men
They were the wrongs he fought.

Ballad of Jesus of Nazareth.

He did not eat with washen hands,
Nor keep the Sabbath day;
He did not to the Synagogue
Repair to sing and pray.
Nor for to-morrow take a thought,
To mar life's pleasant way.

He saw that all of human woe
Takes root in hate and greed;
He saw until men love their kind
The human heart must bleed.
And that nor hymn nor sacrifice
Meets any human need.

And this is why he scourged the rich
And lashed the Pharisee,
And stripped from every pious face
The mask hypocrisy;
And solaced Mary Magdalene,
Caught in adultery.

Ballad of Jesus of Nazareth.

And this is why with grievous fire
 He smote the lawyer's lore.
And every wile of cunning guile
 Which made the burden more
Upon the backs of wretched men,
 Who heavy burdens bore.

Therefore when that the hour was come
 For him to die, they blent
Of many things a lying charge,
 But at last the argument
They killed him with was that he stirred
 The people's discontent.

From thence the world has gone its way
 Of this truth, deaf and blind,
And every man who struck the law
 Has felt the halter bind,
Until his words were choked in death
 Uttered for human kind.

Ballad of Jesus of Nazareth.

Now did the dreams of Galilee
 Awake as from a sleep,
Fly up from earth, and Life unmasked
 Life's promise did not keep,
And Jesus saw the face of Life,
 And all who see it weep.

God's spirit fled the damnéd earth
 And left the earth forlorn.
No more did Jesus walk the fields,
 And pluck the ripened corn ;
Nor muse beside the silent sea
 Upon a summer's morn.

Before the heart of Christ was pierced
 With agony divine,
He sat him down in a merry mood
 With loving friends to dine.
And once in Cana he did turn
 The water into wine.

Ballad of Jesus of Nazareth.

Now put from shore, swept far to sea
His shallop caught the tide,
Arched o'er him was eternity
'Twixt starless wastes and wide.
God's spirit seemed withdrawn that once
Walked hourly at his side.

IV.

Gladly the common people heard
And called upon his name.
But yet he knew what they would do,
Christ Jesus knew their frame,
And that he should be left alone
Upon a day of shame.

Sharper than thorns upon the brow,
Or nails spiked through the hand
Is when the people fly for fear
And cannot understand;
And let their saviors die the death
As creatures contraband.

Ballad of Jesus of Nazareth.

For wrongs that flourish by a lie
Are hard enough to bear;
But wrongs that take their root in truth
Shade every brow with care;
And this is why Gethsemane
Was shadowed with despair.

In dark and drear Gethsemane
Hell's devils laughed and raved,
When Jesus torn by fear and doubt
Reprieve from sorrow craved;
For who would lose his life, unless
Another's life he saved?

V.

In youth when all the world appeared
As fresh as any flower,
Satan besought the Son of Man,
New-clothed in godly power,
And took him to behold the world
Upon a lofty tower.

Ballad of Jesus of Nazareth.

To every man of god-like might
Comes Satan once to give
The crown, the crosier and the sword
And bid him laugh and live,
While Hope hides in the wilderness,
A hunted fugitive.

But neither gold nor kingly crown
Tempted the Son of Man
He hoped as many souls have hoped,
Ever since time began,
That love itself can overcome
Hate's foul leviathan.

Some fix their faith to heaven's grace,
And some to saintly bones;
Some think that water doth contain
A virtue which atones;
And some believe that men are saved
By penitential groans.

Ballad of Jesus of Nazareth.

But of all faith that ever fired
A spirit with its glow
That is supreme which thinks that truth
No power can overthrow ;
And he believes who takes and cleaves
To the thorny way of woe !

For life is sweet, and sweet it is
With jeweled sandals shod
To trip where happy blossoms shoot
Up from the fragrant sod ;
And what sustains the souls that pass
Always beneath the rod ?

The book of worldly lore he closed
And bound it with a hasp ;
And in the hour of danger came
No king with friendly clasp.
It was the hand of love against
The anger of the asp.

Ballad of Jesus of Nazareth.

Since Jesus died the lust of kings
Has linked the cross and crown ;
And slaughtered millions whom to save
From heaven he came down ;
And all to tame the mind of man
To his divine renown.

But whether he were man or god
This thing at least is true ;
He hated with a lordly hate
The Gentile and the Jew,
Who robbed the poor and wronged the weak,
And kept the widow's due.

And those all clothed in raiment soft,
Who in kings' houses dwell ;
And those who compass sea and land
Their proselytes to swell ;
And when they make one he is made
Two-fold the child of hell.

Ballad of Jesus of Nazareth.

And those who tithe of anise give,
But sharpen beak and claw ;
And those who plait the web of hate
The heart of man to flaw ;
And hungry lawyers who pile up
The burdens of the law.

I wonder not they slew the Christ
And put upon his brow
The cruel crown of thorns, I know
The world would do it now ;
And none shall live who on himself
Shall take the self-same vow.

And none shall live who tries to balk
The heavy hand of greed ;
And he who hopes for human help
Against his hour of need
Will find the souls he tried to save
Ready to make him bleed.

Ballad of Jesus of Nazareth.

For he who flays the hypocrite,
And scourges with a thong
The money changer, soon will find
The money changer strong;
And even the people will incline
To think his mission wrong.

And pious souls will say he is
At best a castaway;
Some will remember he blasphemed
And broke the Sabbath day.
And the coward friend will fool his heart
And then he will betray.

At last the Scribe and Pharisee
No longer could abide
The tumult which his words stirred up
In every country side;
And so they made a sign, which meant
He must be crucified.

Ballad of Jesus of Nazareth.

For him no sword was raised, no king
Came forward for his sake ;
And every son of mammon laughed
To see death overtake
The fool who fastened to the truth
And made his life the stake.

VI.

Upon a day when Jesus' soul
Like an angel's voice did quire,
The heart of all the people burned
With a white and holy fire ;
And they did sweep to make him king
Over the world's empire.

His kingdom was not of this world,
But this they would not own ;
And he to save themselves did go
To a mountain place alone,
And there did pray that holy Truth
Might find somewhere a throne.

Ballad of Jesus of Nazareth.

When Henry was by Francis sought
To make him emperor,
They walked upon a cloth of gold,
As sovereign lords of war.
And trumpets blew and banners flew
About the royal car.

When Caesar back to Rome returned
With all the world subdued,
The soldiers and the priests did shout,
And cried the multitude ;
For he had slain his country's foes,
And drenched their land with blood.

But all the triumph of the Christ
That ever came to pass
Was when he rode amidst a mob
Upon a borrowed ass ;
And this is all the worldly pomp
A genius ever has.

Ballad of Jesus of Nazareth.

His cloth of gold were branches cut
And strewn upon the ground ;
And every money-changer laughed,
And the judges looked and frowned ;
But no one saw a flag unfurled,
Or heard a bugle sound.

To-day whene'er a coxcomb king
Visits a foreign shore,
The simple people deck themselves
And all the cannon roar.
But it would not do such grace to show
To a soul of lordly lore.

VII.

Of all sad suppers ever spread
For broken hearts to eat,
That was the saddest where the Christ
Did serve the bread and meat ;
And, ere he served them, washed with care
Each worn disciple's feet.

Ballad of Jesus of Nazareth.

And who would hold in memory
That supper, let him call
His loved friends about his board
And serve them one and all;
And with a loving spirit crown
The simple festival.

For this I hold to be the truth,
And Jesus said the same;
That men who meet as brothers, they
Are gathered in his name;
And only for its evil deeds
A soul he will disclaim.

Through climes of sun and climes of snow
Full many a wretched knight,
The holy grail, without avail
Did make his life's delight,
And lo! the thing it symbolized
Was ever in their sight.

Ballad of Jesus of Nazareth.

The cup whereof Christ Jesus drank
Was wholly without grace ;
And whether made of stone or wood
Was lost or broke apace.
And no one thought to keep a cup
While looking in his face.

They kept no cup, their only thought
Was for the morrow morn.
And as he passed the wine and bread
With pallid hands and worn,
Peter did swear he would not leave
His stricken lord forlorn.

John, the beloved, on his breast,
Wept while the hour did pass.
Judas did groan when Jesus struck
Behind his soul's arras.
All trembled for the bitter hate,
And power of Caiaphas.

Ballad of Jesus of Nazareth.

But for that simple, farewell feast
In Holland, France and Spain,
Ten million men as true as John
Were racked and burnt and slain,
As if they held remembrance of
The farewell feast of Cain.

Had Jesus known what fratricide
Over his words would fall,
I think he would have gone straightway
Up to the judgment hall,
And never broken bread or drunk
The cup his friends withal.

Though a good tree brings forth good fruit,
What good bears naught but good?
What sum of saintly life contains
No grain of devil's food?
What purest truth when past its youth
Is not its own falsehood?

Ballad of Jesus of Nazareth.

And every rod wherewith the wise
Have cleft each barrier sea,
That men might walk across and reach
The land of liberty,
In hands of kings were snakes whose stings
Were worse than slavery.

VIII.

The rulers thought it best to wait
Till Jesus were alone ;
They had forgot the coward crowd
Never protects its own,
But leaves its leaders to the whim
Of wrong upon a throne.

Had malcontents for Pilate sought
To do a treasonous thing,
Ten thousand loyal fishermen
Had made the traitors swing ;
For they are taught they cannot live
Unless they have a king.

Ballad of Jesus of Nazareth.

But soldiers came with swords and staves
To sieze one helpless man.
And only Peter had a sword
To smite the craven clan;
And only Peter stood his ground,
And all the people ran.

I wish, since Jesus by the world
Is held to be divine,
That he had lived to give to men
A perfect anodyne,
And raise to human liberty
A world compelling shrine.

A shrine 'round which should lie to-day
The world's discarded crowns,
And swords and guns and gilded gawds
And monkish beads and gowns;
But, as it is, upon these things,
They say, he never frowns.

Ballad of Jesus of Nazareth.

And only by an argument
Can any being show
That Jesus would chop out and burn
These monstrous roots of woe.
And so these roots are living yet,
And still the roots do grow.

Unto this day in divers lands
Pilate is singled out
For curses that he did not save
Christ from the rabble's shout;
But they forget he was a judge,
And had a judge's doubt.

The sickly fear of the rulers' sneer
Clutches the judge's heart.
And to hide behind a hoary lie
Is the judge's highest art;
And the judgment hall has a door that leads
To the room of the money mart.

Ballad of Jesus of Nazareth.

The laws wherewith men murder men
Are dark with skeptic slime ;
They are not stars that point the way
To truth in every clime.
Wherefore was Jesus crucified,
For what was not a crime.

When Pilate questioned what is truth
He did not mean to jest ;
He meant to show when life's at stake
How difficult the quest
Through hollow rules and empty forms
To truth's ingenuous test.

And Pilate might have pardoned him
Had not the lawyers said,
The Galilean strove to put
A crown upon his head.
And how could Jesus be a king,
Who blood had never shed?

Ballad of Jesus of Nazareth.

The trial of Jesus long ago
Was cursed in solemn rhyme ;
For the judgment hall was but farcical
And the trial a pantomime.
Save that it led to a felon's death
For what was not a crime.

The common people on that day
Had enough black-bread to eat.
And what to them was another's woe
Before the judgment seat?
They were content that day to keep
From pit-falls their own feet.

Had Herod stood, whate'er the charge,
Before the people's bar
The sophists would have cut it down
With reason's scimitar ;
And called the peasants to enforce
The judgment near and far.

Ballad of Jesus of Nazareth.

And had they failed to save their king
From every foul mischance
The banded Anarchs of the world
Had held them in durance,
As afterward the crownéd heads
Did punish recreant France.

IX.

So it fell out amid the rout
Of captain, lord and priest,
They bound his hands with felon bands
And they flogged him like a beast.
And Pilate washed his hands, and then
For them a thief released.

And only women solaced him,
And one mad courtesan,
"Save thou thyself," the elders cried,
"Who came to rescue man."
Where were the common people then?
The common people ran.

Ballad of Jesus of Nazareth.

Between two thieves upon a hill
The terror to proclaim
They racked his body on a cross
Till his thirst was like a flame;
And they mocked his woe and they wagged
their heads,
And they spat upon his name.

God thought a picture like to this,
Fire-limned against the sky,
Once seen, would never fade away
From the world's careless eye;
And that the lesson that it taught
No soul could wander by.

God thought the shadow of this cross,
Athwart the mad world's ken,
Would stay with shame the hands that kill
The men who die for men,
And that no soul for love of truth
Need ever die again.

Ballad of Jesus of Nazareth.

Many a man the valley of death
With fearless step hath trod ;
The prophet is a phoenix soul,
And the wretch is a sullen clod.
But Jesus in his death became
Liker unto a god.

Liker unto a god he grew
Who walked through heaven and hell ;
He died as he forgave the mob
That 'round the cross did yell.
They knew not what they did, and this
Jesus, the god, knew well.

For hate is spawned of ignorance
And ignorance of hate.
And all the fangéd shapes that creep
From their incestuous state
Enter the gardens of the world,
And curséd keep their fate.

Ballad of Jesus of Nazareth.

Near Gadara did Jesus drive
By an occult power and sign
The unclean devils from a loon
Into a herd of swine.
But the swinish devils entered the Scribes,
And slew a soul divine.

Christ healed the blind, but could not ope
The eyes of ignorance,
Nor turn to wands of peace and love
Hate's bloody sword and lance ;
But the swinish fiends who took his life
Received a pardoning glance.

And Jesus raised the dead to life,
And he cured the lame and halt
But he could not heal a hateful soul,
And keep it free from fault ;
Nor bring the savour back again
To the world's trampled salt.

Ballad of Jesus of Nazareth.

X.

After his death the rulers slept,
And the judges were at ease;
For they had killed a rebel soul
And strewed his devotees;
But the imp of time is a thing perverse,
And laughs at men's decrees.

For it is vain to kill a man,
His life to stigmatize;
Herein the wisdom of the world
Is folly to the wise;
For those the world doth kill, the world
Will surely canonize.

To look upon a loved face
By the Gorgon Death made stone,
Will make the heart leap up with fear
And the soul with sorrow groan;
Alas! who knows what thing he knew
Ere the light of life was flown?

Ballad of Jesus of Nazareth.

Who knows what tears did start to well,
But were frozen at their source?
Who knows his ashen grief who felt
That iron hand of force?
Or what black thing he saw before
He grew a lifeless corse?

And, much of hope, but more of woe
Falls with the chastening rod,
As the living think of an orphan soul
That the spectral ways may trod,
And how that orphan soul must cry
In its new world after God.

So the fisherman did sigh at night,
For a dream-face haunted them.
By day they hid as branded men
Within Jerusalem.
And the common people, safe at home,
Did breathe a requiem.

Ballad of Jesus of Nazareth.

But where he lay, one fearless soul,
Mad Magdalene, from whom
Christ cast the seven devils out,
Came in the morning's gloom,
And thence arose the burning faith
That Christ rose from the tomb.

But all do know the mind of man
Mixes the false and true,
And deifies each Son of God
That ever hatred slew ;
And weaves him magic tales to tell
Of what the man could do.

The legends grow, as grow they must
The wonder to equip.
And ere they write the legends out,
They pass from lip to lip,
Till a simple life becomes a theme
For studied scholarship.

Ballad of Jesus of Nazareth.

But this I know that after Christ
Did die on Calvary,
He never more did preach to men,
Nor scourge the Pharisee;
Else it was vain to still his voice
And nail him to a tree.

Nor scribe nor priest were ever more
By him disquieted.
And little did it mean to them
That he rose from the dead.
For greed can sleep when it has killed
The thing that it did dread.

And never a king or satrap knew
That Christ the tomb had rent;
He might have lived a second life,
With every lord's consent,
If never more he sought to stir
The people's discontent.

Ballad of Jesus of Nazareth.

He might have risen from the dead
And gone to Galilee;
And there paced out a hundred years
In a sorrowed revery,
If he but never preached again
The creed humanity.

XI.

To distant lands did Jesus' words,
Like sparks that burst in flame,
Fly forth to light the ways of dole,
And blind the eyes of shame,
Till subtle kings, to staunch their wounds,
Did conjure with his name.

When kings did pilfer Jesus' might,
His words of love were turned
To swords and goads and heavy loads,
And rods and brands that burned;
And never had the world before
So piteously mourned.

Ballad of Jesus of Nazareth.

Of peasant Mary they did make
A statue all of gold ;
And placed a crown upon her head
With jewels manifold.
And Jesus' words were strained and drawn
This horror to uphold.

They robed a rebel royally,
And placed within his hand
A scepter, that himself should be
One of their murderous band.
And it is tragical that men
Can never understand.

For Herod crowned the carpenter
With woven thorns of hate.
And put a reed within his hand
A king to imitate.
Now kings have made a rebel soul
The patron of the state.

Ballad of Jesus of Nazareth.

And kingcraft never hatched a lie,
 This falsehood to surpass.
For Jesus' only hour of pomp
 Was what a genius has;
He rode amidst a howling mob
 Upon a borrowed ass.

Though his cloth of gold were branches cut
 And strewed upon the ground;
And though the money-changers laughed,
 While the judges looked and frowned;
To-day for him the flag is flown,
 And all the bugles sound.

To-day where'er the treacherous sword
 Takes lord-ship in the world,
The bloody rag they call the flag,
 In his name is unfurled.
And round the standard of the cross
 Is greed, the python, curled.

Ballad of Jesus of Nazareth.

For wrongs that have the show of truth
Are hard enough to bear,
But wrongs that flourish by a lie,
Shade wisdom's brow with care.
And still in dark Gethsemane
There lurks the fiend Despair.

And still in drear Gethsemane,
Hell's devils laugh and rave,
Because the Prince of Peace hath failed
The wayward world to save.
For every word he spoke is made
A shackle to enslave.

Man's wingèd hopes are white at dawn,
But the hand of malice smuts.
O, angel voices drowned and lost
Amid the growl of guts!
O spirit hands that strain to draw
A dead world from the ruts!

Ballad of Jesus of Nazareth.

God made a stage of Palestine,
And the drama played was Life;
And the Eye of Heaven sat and watched
The true and false at strife;
While a masque o' the World did play the pimp,
And take a whore to wife.

I wonder not they slew the Christ,
And put upon his brow
A mocking crown of thorns, I know
The world would do it now;
And none shall live who on himself
Shall take the self-same vow.

And none shall live who tries to balk
The heavy hand of greed.
And who betakes him to the task,
That heart will surely bleed.
But a little truth, somehow is saved
Out of each dead man's creed.

Ballad of Jesus of Nazareth.

Out of the life of him who scourged
The Scribe and Pharisee,
A willing world can take to heart
The creed humanity;
And all the wonder tales of Christ
Are naught to you and me.

And it matters not what place he drew,
At first life's mortal breath,
Nor how it was his spirit rose
And triumphed over death,
But good it is to hear and do
The word that Jesus saith.

Until the perfect truth shall lie
Treasured and set apart;
One whole, harmonious truth to set
A seal upon each heart;
And none may ever from that truth
In any wise depart.

SAMSON AND DELILAH.

Because thou wast most delicate,
A woman fair for men to see,
The earth did compass thy estate,
Thou didst hold life and death in fee,
And every soul did bend the knee.

Much pleasure also made thee grieve
For that the goblet had been drained.
The well spiced viand thou didst leave
To frown on want whose throat was strained,
And violence whose hands were stained.

(Wherein
the corrupt
spirit of this
age is symbol-
ized by Delil-
lah and the
People by
Samson.)

The purple of thy royal cloak,
Made the sea paler for its hue.
Much people bent beneath the yoke
To fetch thee jewels white and blue,
And rings to pass thy gold hair through.

Samson and Delilah.

Therefore, Delilah wast thou called,
Because the choice wines nourished thee
In Sorek, by the mountains walled
Against the north wind's misery,
Where flourished every pleasant tree.

Thy lovers also were as great
In numbers as the sea sands were;
Thou didst requite their love with hate;
And give them up to massacre,
Who brought thee gifts of gold and myrrh.

(Delilah
hath a taste
for ease and
luxury and
wantons with
divers lov-
ers.)

At Gaza and at Ashkelon,
The obscene Dagon worshipping,
Thy face was fair to look upon,
Yet thy tongue, sweet to talk or sing,
Was deadlier than the adder's sting.

(Delilah
conceiveth the
design of en-
snaring Sam-
son.)

Samson and Delilah.

Wherefore, thou saidst, "I will procure
The strong man Samson for my spouse,
His death will make my ease secure.
The god has heard this people's vows
To recompense their injured house."

Thereafter, when the giant lay
Supinely rolled against thy feet,
Him thou didst craftily betray,
With amorous vexings, low and sweet,
To tell thee that which was not meet.

And Samson spake to thee again;

"With seven green withes I may be bound,
So shall I be as other men."

Whereat the lords the green withes found—
The same about his limbs were bound.

(Delilah
attempteth to
discover the
source of
Samson's
strength.
Samson very
neatly decelv-
eth her.)

Samson and Delilah.

Then did the fish-god in thee cry :

“The Philistines be upon thee now.”

But Samson broke the withes awry,

As when a keen fire toucheth tow ;

So thou didst not the secret know.

But thou, being full of guile, didst plead :

“My lord, thou hast but mocked my love

With lies who gave thy saying heed ;

Hast thou not vexed my heart enough,

To ease me all the pain thereof?”

Now, in the chamber with fresh hopes,

The liers in wait did list, and then

He said : “Go to, and get new ropes,

Wherewith thou shalt bind me again,

So shall I be as other men.”

Samson and Delilah.

Then didst thou do as he had said,
Whereat the fish-god in thee cried,
"The Philistines be upon thy head,"
He shook his shoulders deep and wide,
And cast the ropes like thread aside.

(Samson retaineth his intellect and the lustihood of his body and again misleadeth the subtle craft of Delilah.)

But thou being safe in thy conceit,
Didst chide him softly then and say:
"Beforetime thou hast shown deceit,
And mocked my quest with idle play,
Thou canst not now my wish gaisay."

Then with the secret in his thought,
He said: "If thou wilt weave my hair,
The web withal, the deed is wrought,
Thou shalt have all my strength in snare,
And I as other men shall fare."

Samson and Delilah.

Seven locks of him thou tookest and wove
The web withal and fastened it,
And then the pin thy treason drove
With laughter making all things fit,
As did beseem thy cunning wit.

(Delilah
still pursueth
her designs
and Samson
beginning to
be somewhat
wearied hint-
eth very close
to his secret.)

Then the god Dagon speaking by
Thy delicate mouth made horrid din;
“Lo the Philistine lords are nigh”—
He woke ere thou couldst scarce begin,
And took away the web and pin.

Yet, saying not it doth suffice,
Thou in the chamber's secrecy,
Didst with thy artful words entice
Samson to give his heart to thee,
And tell thee where his strength might be.

Samson and Delilah.

Pleading, "How canst thou still aver,
I love thee, being yet unkind?
How is it thou dost minister
Unto my heart with treacherous mind,
Thou art but cruelly inclined."

From early morn to falling dusk,
At night upon the curtained bed,
Fragrant with spikenard and with musk,
For weariness he laid his head,
Whilst thou the insidious net didst spread.

Nor wouldst not give him any rest,
But vexed with various words his soul,
Till death far more than life was blest,
Shot through and through with heavy dole,
He told thee all upon parole.

(Samson being weakened by lust and overcome by Delilah's importunities and gulleth her wherein his great strength consisteth.)

Samson and Delilah.

Saying, "I am a Nazarite,
To God alway, nor hath there yet
Razor or shears done despite
To these my locks of coarsen jet,
Therefore my strength hath known no let."

"But, and if these be shaven close,
Whereas I once was strong as ten,
I may not meet my meanest foes
Among the hated Philistine,
I shall be weak like other men."

He turned to sleep, the spell was done,
Thou saidst "Come up this once, I trow
The secret of his strength is known;
Hereafter sweat shall bead his brow,
Bring up the silver thou didst vow."

Samson and Delilah.

They came, and sleeping on thy knees,
The giant of his locks was shorn.
And Dagon, being now at ease,
Cried like the harbinger of morn,
To see the giant's strength forlorn.

(Samson having trusted
Delilah turneth to sleep
whereat her minions with
force falleth upon him and
depriveth him of his
strength.)

For he wist not the Lord was gone—
“I will go as I went erewhile,”
He said, “and shake my mighty brawn.”
Without the captains, file on file,
Did execute Delilah's guile.

At Gaza where the mockers pass,
Midst curses and unholy sound,
They fettered him with chains of brass,
Put out his eyes, and being bound
Within the prison house he ground.

Samson and Delilah.

The heathen looking on did sing;
 "Behold our god into our hand,
Hath brought him for our banqueting,
 Who slew us and destroyed our land,
 Against whom none of us could stand."

(Samson being no longer formidable and being deprived of his eyes is reduced to slavery and made the sport of the heathen.)

Now, therefore, when the festival
 Waxed merrily, with one accord,
The lords and captains loud did call,
 To bring him out whom they abhorred,
 To make them sport who sat at board.

(After a time Samson prayeth for vengeance even though himself should perish thereby.)

And Samson made them sport and stood
 Betwixt the pillars of the house,
Above with scornful hardihood,
 Both men and women made carouse,
 And ridiculed his eyeless brows.

Samson and Delilah.

Then Samson prayed "Remember me
O Lord, this once, if not again,
O God, behold my misery.
Now weaker than all other men
Who once was mightier than ten."

"Grant vengeance for these sightless eyes,
And for this unrequited toil,
For fraud, injustice, perjuries,
For lords whose greed devours the soil,
And kings and rulers who despoil."

"For all that maketh light of Thee,
And sets at naught Thy holy word,
For tongues that babble blasphemy,
And impious hands that hold the sword—
Grant vengeance, though I perish, Lord."

(Wherein
by a very nice
conceit revolution is sym-
bolized.)

Samson and Delilah.

He grasped the pillars, having prayed,
And bowed himself—the building fell,
And on three thousands souls was laid,
Gone soon to death with mighty yell.
And Samson died, for it was well.

The lords and captains greatly err,
Thinking that Samson is no more,
Blind, but with ever-growing hair,
He grinds from Tyre to Singapore,
While yet Delilah plays the whore.

So it hath been, and yet will be,
The captains, drunken at the feast,
To garnish their felicity,
Will taunt him as a captive beast,
Until their insolence hath ceased.

Samson and Delilah.

Of ribaldry that smelleth sweet,
 To Dagon and to Ashtoreth,
Of bloody stripes from head to feet,
 He will endure unto the death,
 Being blind, he also nothing saith.

(Wherein
it is shown
that while the
people like
Samson have
been blinded,
and have not
recovered
their sight
still that their
hair continu-
eth to grow.)

Then 'gainst the Doric capitals,
 Resting in prayer to God for power,
He will shake down your marble walls,
 Abiding heaven's appointed hour,
 And those that fly shall hide and cower.

But this Delilah shall survive,
 To do the sin already done,
Her treacherous wiles and arts shall thrive,
 At Gaza and at Ashkelon,
 A woman fair to look upon.

THE WORLD-SAVER.

If the grim Fates, to stave ennui,
 Play whips for fun, or snares for game,
The liar full of ease goes free,
 And Socrates must bear the shame.

With the blunt sage he stands despised,
 The Pharisees salute him not;
Laughter awaits the truth he prized,
 And Judas profits by his plot.

A million angels kneel and pray,
 And sue for grace that he may win—
Eternal Jove prepares the day,
 And sternly sets the fateful gin.

The World Saver.

Satan, who hates the light, is fain,
To back his virtuous enterprise;
The omnipotent powers alone refrain,
Only the Lord of hosts denies.

Whate'er of woven argument,
Lacks warp to hold the woof in place,
Smothers his honest discontent,
But leaves to view his woeful face.

Fling forth the flag, devour the land,
Grasp destiny and use the law;
But dodge the epigram's keen brand,
And fall not by the ass's jaw.

The idiot snicker strikes more down,
Than fell at Troy or Waterloo;
Still, still he meets it with a frown,
And argues loudly for "the True."

The World Saver.

Injustice lengthens out her chain,
Greed, yet ahungered, calls for more;
But while the eons wax and wane,
He storms the barricaded door.

Wisdom and peace and fair intent,
Are tedious as a tale twice told;
One thing increases being spent—
Perennial youth belongs to gold.

At Weehawken the soul set free,
Rules the high realm of Bunker Hill,
Drink life from that philosophy,
And flourish by the age's will.

If he shall toil to clear the field,
Fate's children sieze the prosperous year;
Boldly he fashions some new shield,
And naked feels the victor's spear.

The World Saver.

He rolls the world up into day,
 He finds the grain, and gets the hull,
He sees his own mind in the sway,
 And Progress tiptoes on his skull.

Angels and fiends behold the wrong,
 And execrate his losing fight ;
While Jove amidst the choral song,
 Smiles, and the heavens glow with light !

AMERICA.

Glorious daughter of time! Thou of the mild blue eye—
Thou of the virginal forehead—pallid, unfurrowed
of tears—
Thou of the strong white hands with fingers dipped in
the dye
Of the blood that quickened the fathers of thee, in
the ancient years,
Leave thou the path of the beasts. Return thou again
to the hills,
Forsake thou the deserts of death, where ever the
burning thirst,
Flames in the throat for blood, for the vile desire that
kills,
Where the treacherous sands by the rebel cerastes
are cursed,
And the wastes are strewn with the bones of folly and
hate.
Return! where the sunlight gladdens the places of
green,
Where the stars comes forth, the heralds of faith and
fate,
And the winds of eternity breathe from a day
unseen.

America.

Thou! what hast thou to do with a time burnt out and
done?

With the old Serbonian bog—the marshes where
nations were lost?

Where wailings are heard of the dead, of the slaugh-
tered Roman and Hun,

And phosphorent lights arise in the hands of a
stricken ghost,

Dreaming of splendors of battle that glanced from a
million shields,

When the Cæsars pillaged for lust of gold and
hunger of power;

And the giants of Gothland festered and stank on the
stretching fields,

And the gods of the living were cursed, too weak
to reveal the hour,

When they should triumph and others should writhe
in a dread defeat,

In the day of thy grace, O fair and false to thy
fathers and time,

O thou whom the snares of kings already encompass
thy feet,

With thy singing robes besprent with the old
Egyptian slime.

America.

But thou hast harkened to guile, to the cunning words
of shame,
To the tempter with pieces of gold and the praise
of the drunken throng.
Scornfully push from their hands the crown of a
common fame,
Not made for thy peaceful brows, for thou wert
not born for wrong.
Thou art the fruit of the groaning cycles of hope and
love,
Told of by maddened prophets who never beheld
thy face,
Who drew from the teeming earth and the fetterless
sky above,
That man was made to be free, and to stamp under
foot the mace.
How should thy innocent eyes ever leer with a
reddened look?
Or thy hair be scented save of the measureless sea?
Or thy feet know the ways of deceit, wrote out in the
murderous book,
By monarchs who shrank from the scourging and
doom of thy strength and thee?

America.

Beloved of time and of fate, cherished of justice and
truth,

Yet thou art free to do, to choose the ill and to die;
To squander thy beauty for hire, to waste thy eternal
youth —

For thou art eternal, if thou heedst them not, but
pass by,

Pass and return to the mountains of freedom and
peace,

Where heavenward flame the fires, where the torches
may be relumed,

To girdle the world with the light that was kindled in
olden Greece;

Or that the sparks may be scattered wherever in-
justice has doomed,

Darkness to be the portion of those who famish for
light.

Be thou the great rock's shadow cast in a weary
land,

Be thou a star of guidance true in a wintry night,

Be thou thyself, and thyself alone, as heaven hath
planned.

SAMUEL.

"There will be no change at home."

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

Hear then of brawn-armed Samuel,
Fair-haired and heavy-jaw;
For he feared not the gates of hell,
Spiked 'round with heaven's law.

His viens with fiery draughts did glow,
Like sullen flames that burn,
Beyond the granite gates, below,
Where souls for water yearn.

The blood of seven men he drew,
With many a dagger's thrust,
And theirs the fault whom thus he slew,
He made the quarrel just.

Samuel.

Still deep in wine and mad carouse,
 He kept the plighted vow,
Of her who sorrowed at the house,
 The thorns upon her brow.

Yet what she feared of sodden crime,
 His path by lust beset,
Fell out, at last, upon a time,
 With gypsy Juliette.

The smoky-ebon of her eye,
 Made all his muscles weak.
He loved the muddy, scarlet dye
 That mantled in her cheek.

For tawdry shawl and grimy skirt,
 For beads of colored glass;
For circled ear-rings flecked with vert,
 And bracelets wrought of brass.

Samuel.

For thieving tricks and gypsy art,
And evil craft and wile;
For treachery of a venal heart,
And lechery masked with guile.

For these the brawn-armed Samuel,
Exchanged a faithful wife,
And spat upon the gates of hell,
The peril and the strife.

And so he wooed this Juliette,
And sought her dark embrace,
Nor knew that he and death had met,
That instant face to face.

For soon a tetter barked about,
With vile and loathsome crust,
The fair skin thereby parched with drought
That crumbled into dust.

Samuel.

At last we saw his hollow eye,
His weak and staggering walk.
They sneered at him who passed him by,
And heard his chattering talk.

Thus died the foul-youth Samuel,
Gray haired and sunken jaw,
His soul went through the gates of hell,
Spiked 'round with heaven's law.

They placed his body on a pyre,
And burned it skin and bones;
And put the ashes, purged by fire,
Beneath a pile of stones.

MEMORABILIA.

Old pioneers, how fare your souls to-day?
 They seem to be
Imminent about this pastoral way,
 This sunny lea,
The elms and oaks you knew, greenly renew
 Their leaves each spring,
But never comes the hour again which drew
 Your world from view.

Here in a mood I lay, deep in the grass,
 Between the graves;
And saw ye rise, ye shadowy forms, and pass
 O'er the wind's waves;
Sunk eyes and bended head, wherefrom is fled
 The light of life;
Even as the land, whose early youth is dead,
 Whose glory fled.

With eighty years gone over what remains
 For tongue to tell?
Hence was it that in silence, with no pains
 At last 'twas well,
Under these trees to creep, for ultimate sleep
 To soothe regret,
For the world's ways, for war, let mankind reap,
 You said, and weep.

Memorabilia.

Abram Rutledge died, ere the great war
Ruined the land.

His well-loved son was struck on fields afar
By a brother's hand.

Then brought they him, O pioneer, on his bier
To the hill and the tree,

Back home and laid him, son of Trenton, here,
Your own grave near.

Of all unuttered griefs, of vaguest woes,
None equals this:

Forgotten hands, and work that no one knows
Whose work it is;

Good gifts bequeathed, but never earned, or spurned
In hate or pride;

And the boon of an age destroyed, ere a cycle turned
O'er you inurned.

Abram Rutledge lies in a sunken grave,
Dust and no more,

Let Freedom fail, it is naught to him, who was brave,
Who stood to the fore.

The oaks and elms he knew, greenly renew
Their leaves each spring,

But gone his dream with that last hour which drew
His world from view.

BALLAD OF THE TRAITOR'S SOUL.

'Twas the shrunken soul of the traitor
That whined in a coign of the dark;
And the fiends were aroused from slumber,
When Cerberus began to bark.

"Methought that I spoke" said Julian,
Who betrayed God's own demesne;
"And I," said the ghost of Caesar,
"Heard the dying groans of the slain."

"Twas the voice," said the high priest Caiaphas,
"That uttered those words of awe,
"Ye have given a tithe of anise,
And broken the weightier law."

Then cried out Judas Iscariot,
Who fled on the wings of the wind;
"Some one is counting the silver,
And wailing because I sinned."

Ballad of the Traitor's Soul.

But spake up the seven devils,
That vexed Mary Magdalene;
"The days of our bondage are over,
We are no longer unclean."

"Moreover the voice that called us,
Said 'Enter the souls of men,
For Belial rules this cycle,
And Mammon has triumphed again.'"

Then the horrent jowls of Moloch,
Wrinkled into a grin,
And he growled "'tis the soul of the traitor,
Open and let him in."

'Twas the shrunken soul of the traitor,
Like a mouse at the furnace door,
That stood in the haze of hades,
And trembled within its roar.

Then uprose the form of Satan,
And taking a crucible saith:
"The shrunken soul of the traitor
Shall suffer the second death."

Ballad of the Traitor's Soul.

"Come anarchs of ancient cities,
And captains of torch and sword;
For hell hath never received one,
By God and fiends so abhorred."

Then the shrunken soul of the traitor,
Pleaded that he might live:
"Ye have borne with Phillip and Herod,
And my sin ye ought to forgive."

But Phillip came forward and mocked him:—
*"The laws of God may atone
The crime of destroying a country,
Unless he destroys his own."*

So the horrent jowls of Moloch
Wrinkled into a grin,
And the crucible being ready,
They threw the renegade in;

And fed the fire underneath it,
Until in the crucible lay
A drop of green, bitter water
That smelled of death and decay.

Ballad of the Traitor's Soul.

Then Satan siezed hold of the crucible,
And drained the drop on the fire,
And a flame leaped up to the heavens,
And instantly did expire.

And there in the darkness that followed
The arch fiends with broken breath,
Fled far from the place of horror,
And the sight of the second death.

THE PIONEER.

From the wide miles of autumn corn,
Here to this sun-lit hill,
The wind wails for a hope forlorn,
And the grief of a ruined will.

The soul of a thousand years long dead,
And stark to the mellow day,
Broods, as the clouds drift over-head,
And the rune of a mood has sway.

For here alas! in a waste of weeds,
Fenced from the church-house near,
Lost to a world which no more heeds,
Lies tombed the pioneer.

Who passed when all that he made true,
Blanched for a scarlet stain;
Slain by the soul his father slew
In the strife of Concord plain.

The Pioneer.

Who lived to hear an empire's horde
 Beat hoofs upon his graves.
And saw his country's blinding sword
 Flash o'er a land of slaves.

Who saw his son's flesh sown for love,
 Crop and be cut in hate.
And lust of princes mould and move
 His country's altered fate.

His son! whom Shiloh's field of fire,
 Truth brought and final grace,
And rest whose eyes had their desire,
 Death rapt on Freedom's face.

Vision it was! Thy secret keep!
 Thou followedst the shade,
Till by a chasm sheer and deep,
 Thou sawest it disarrayed:

The face thereof unmasked! For lo,
 What sawest thou? nay, refrain;
Enough for us Manilla's woe!
 Enough the scarlet stain!

The Pioneer.

Ghosts of the myriads who died,
 Shriek not around his head.
His work is done, his fame is tried,
 For him the arrow sped.

Look at the smiling fields, survey
 These valleys of his quest.
This soul was master of his day;
 Take, pioneer, thy rest!

Such rest as not our bloody foes
 Shall trouble, cowards we,
To shirk the task the Fates impose,
 We must be true like thee.

Thou pioneer through whose gnarled hand
 We touched the sage's cloak,
Whose spirit waved the magic wand,
 That loosed the tyrant's yoke;

Who passed to thee the spark whose light
 May flame to heaven again;
And turn the deepest pall of night,
 To morning for all men.

The Pioneer.

From the wide miles of autumn corn,
Here to this sun-lit hill,
The wind sings for a hope new born,
And the vow of a chainless will.

For we, thy children, will not fail
When we remember thee.
Thou pioneer, whose trials avail
To bring us victory!

THE TEMPLE.

Beyond the gates of Hercules

The seven builders took the stone,
Spurned everywhere in days of ease,
Long lying loose and overthrown,
Now carried over bitter seas
Where crystally Arcturus shone!

Well for the demi-gods who chose

The granite long accursed, and well
They hollow squared it to enclose
The book defying time and hell,
And human guile and force, its foes
While tyrants rose and systems fell.

So in a sky of malachite,

Azured by sunlight, they upreared,
True to the Northstar's level light,
The temple for a faith revered;
Founded upon an ancient right
And all men worshipped, or they feared.

The Temple.

No wealth of carved bucranium
O'erwrought the plain entablature.
The Sea wind's keen harmonium
Found the great Dorians hard and sure,
Holding the topless roof o'er swum
By Heaven's eternal coverture.

Here should the temple's keeper live,
Sifted alike by art and time.
Above him heaven's blue to give
His spirit limitless sweep and rhyme,
To rain nor gray cloud sensitive,
Nor the world's changing pantomime.

Never the eagle with wide-wings
Should see the Gallic cockerel perch
Hereon; nor hear the voice that sings
An ancient sadness, fain to search
The straining grief of fallen kings,
Haunting the bloody mother-church.

The Temple.

After a time the seven seers
 Let slip the chisel, dead for sleep.
And left to those of after years,
 (Hands skilled in ruin dark and deep)
To slay the ghosts of olden fears,
 And, as it was, teh temple keep.

Who was he, pray, who first shut out
 With level roof the needful sky?
Who let the rich acanthus flout
 The frozen squares, or falsify
The stately cornice with a rout
 Of wingéd gargoyles, prone to fly

Yet it was done; and still afar
 The eagle clothed in lightnings saw
The temple stand without a scar,
 Faithful as mountains to the law;
Albeit even of glory and war
 The keeper dreamed in twilight's awe.

The Temple.

Never the eagle at heaven's peak
Should mark the temple's wreck or fall.
And still the feeble years would wreak
Some fitful fancy over all,
Some Gothic finial, masque or freak,
Or tracery work of lesser Gaul.

Soon from afar the vultures spied
The archéd roof above the fane.
The heavy battlements deep and wide,
Turrets and pinnacles of Spain,
The temple's fallen grace bestride,
The temple's holy art profane.

And croaking, as they drew anear
They saw the Moorish columns raised
Where stood the Dorians tall severe.
And here and there the marble blazed
For watchmen and the cannoneer,
And sleepless oriels unamazed.

The Temple.

Within what change had come to pass!

What keeps below, what traps above,
What arabesques of bronze and brass,
What secret stairs for hate or love,
Of gold and treasure what a mass,
In barbarous legend spoken of.

Lo! the Escorial on new ground,
Virgin to faggot and the sword,
And many slaves who stood around,
Bribed for the task, seduced the horde
To worship with tumultuous sound
These ancient horrors thus restored.

But yet within the frieze, beneath
The pendants, masques or porticoes
What Ethiop eggs, defying death,
Spawned long ago, lay in repose!
Transported hither, given breath
To fill the air with wingéd woes!

The Temple.

Under a snarling gargoyle slept
 A life which Time was loath to stir.
Yet when the treasure, sternly kept,
 Fattened on fraud and massacre,
And men lost hope and women wept,
 This spirit broke its sepulchre.

And flitted forth amid the night,
 Which made the sun's face ghastly pale,
Upon its quest of guilt and might,
 Evil and hideous and frail;
Alien, long dead, but brought to light
 Its ancient foe to countervail—

A devil-cherub with dark wings,
 A bat-like fiend, equipped to kill
With seasoned venom from its stings;
 A voice of madness far too shrill
For men to hear, long heard of kings,
 Who saw not till it did its will.

The Temple.

This struck the temple's keeper dead
 Wheeling upon an aimless course,
New hatched and blinded, sick, misled
 By its new world; with dull remorse—
Thence from the gargoy's soul imbred
 To do its work of blood and force.

Never the eagle at heaven's peak
 Should mark the temple's wreck or fall.
Nor see the feeble builders wreak
 Some fitful fancy over all,
Some Gothic finial, masque or freak,
 Or tracery work of lesser Gaul.

Nor sailing far aloft behold
 The temple's steps with blood distained.
Nor feel the snake's fangs blue and cold
 Strike as his spirit waxed and waned.
Nor see the vultures growing bold
 Croak o'er an empery regained.

* * * * * * *

The Temple.

Still on a jut of lofty land,
 Strange for its barbarous array,
The temple waits the Phidian hand,
 The over-work to tear away,
And leave its simple self to stand
 The myriad ages to survey!

THE TWO SOULS.

Two souls within this lunar cycle passed
Beyond the curtained stage of life and time.
One weary from long vigils, bent with toil,
Fell ere his task was done; and one consumed
With glooming fire that fed upon itself
Within the darkened chamber of a heart—
Blackened and hardened with its dark designs—
Death crumbled. And from widest points of earth
Men grieved for each, each for a different grief,
Each for a shattered hope, because they slept.
Whate'er the crags and bleak declivities
Which marred this peak, it pointed heavenward;
So much men gained to see that glory and light
Last faded from its head and first appeared,
And that it made a comrade of those orbs
Whose still and unremitting splendor gave
The far-off truth along their level beams.
His was a life whose opulence of deeds
Made heirs of all mankind when gold shall lie
In useless heaps, or breed the ills which tear
The human heart with fraud, and violence.
Toiling while others slept, and 'mid the jeers
Of those whose children will enjoy the meed
Of what he did, he kept his nature's trust.
Thus without bitter doubts of heaven's law
He scorned to traffic with the ease of life
And mouth a faith the bargain would belie.

The Two Souls.

The other, like a spider huge and vile,
Dug pits for men, and slavered from his tongue
The waxen slime in which to stick their feet.
His was the gift of cruel alchemy
Which turned to gold the flow of tears and blood
And by the incantation of his words
Made worthless paper precious. His the heart
To loosen war, until a land was stripped,
And all the world was shaken; till amidst
The reeling masquerade of hate and death
This bloated thief dropped off, whom care had sapped
Of power to pleasure in his stolen hoard.
But he would move the world! By scattering
His bloody spoils like seed about the earth.
And with the proceeds of the widow's house
Undo the work of Washington! with gold
Accomplish what the British soldiery
Failed twice to do! call back the ancient days—
Stab Progress dead! Destroy democracy—
Curdle the sweetness of the youthful mind
With King-craft, and debauch the sons of men
Till slavery be their portion! Shall it be?

If the final good

Of ages and their anguished sacrifice
May be destroyed by villany and gold
Procured by villany. Enough of grief!
Turn loose life's carnival, for those who miss
The flesh's lust, have lost the all in all!

FILIPINOS, REMEMBER US.

You, if it fall to you to take
From us the lamp that Athens gave,
Fill it with mercy for our sake,
And light us gently to the grave.

The Goth and Vandal rendered not
For evil good—but all in vain
Have we, your victors, prayed and taught
If through you freedom bleeds again.

Bound home, but blown across the sea
In earth that clings about his feet,
The whinchat bears the seedling tree,
And plants the sterile lands with wheat.

Filipinos, Remember Us.

But we—we shipped with slime for freight,
 Unknown to us what in it grew;
And brought untoward to our hate
 The germ of Liberty to you.

When you have armed and joined the East
 To swell the Peril which affrights
Our bloody conscience at the feast,
 Where Fate the ancient curse re-writes;

When the White Peril, slumber bound,
 Gorged full, the sport of bottle flies,
Awakes to find you on his ground
 Puissant, cynical and wise;

Kicking his childish lies and frauds
 'Round infamy's quiescent yard;
And raking from the wall the gawds
 Despite the dull and drunken guard;

Or battering down the entrance door
 Long shut, while yours was opened wide,
To forage in our golden store,
 Our rich possessions to divide;

Filipinos, Remember Us.

To us it were but poor amends
Our sons with hatred to entreat;
Remember us, who were your friends
Right in the battle's blood and heat.

For our sakes, centuries sunk in sleep,
Who strove to stave the certain doom,
Our brothers' sons forgive, and keep
The flower of Liberty in bloom.

Move not in blindness, as of old
The unconscious Hun devoured the land;
You must, with history's page unrolled,
Be god-like in your great command.

Yes, if it fall to you to take
From us the lamp that Athens gave,
Fill it with gladness for our sake,
Restore the weak and free the slave:

Fill every place of waste with love,
And every land of woe with light,
Till Peace, the pentecostal dove,
Descend and consecrate your might.

BALLADE OF DEAD REPUBLICS.

Tell me ye King-craft of to-day
Where is Athens, who made men free;
Then sank into stupor by the way,
Subdued by the Spartan tyranny ?
And Rome that staggered to death, perdie,
Stabbed by the sword of Hannibal,
And bled by patrician infamy—
The Dragon of Greed destroyed them all!

Cleon and Pericles held sway
O'er the foes of Greek democracy.
The Gracchi brothers struggled to stay
The stress of the Ceasars' stern decree.
And look at Rienzi's passion, he
Who strove the republic to recall!
Slain at last for his perfidy—
The Dragon of Greed destroyed them all!

What of Florence and Venice, say?
And the Netherlands that ruled the sea?
And Cromwell's England more strong than they
Which banished the throne and the bended knee?
Yes, and Savonarola's plea,
And William of Orange's rise and fall?
Yea, though they labored for you and me—
The Dragon of Greed destroyed them all!

ENVOY.

Prince! 'tis the year of your jubilee,
The great republic is in your thrall.
And who will restore her armory?—
The Dragon of Greed destroyed them all!

BANNER OF MEN WHO WERE FREE.

Flag of the great republic, banner of men who were
free!

Carried aloft for freedom in many a bloody gorge;
Torn by the shot of tyrants in battle by land and sea,
The rallying hope of our fathers by Valley Forge.

But what is it but a rag, save it emblem the higher
law?

Striped with the red of blood, flecked with the
stars of war.

The ensign of might alone, to be held by the people
in awe,

And cursed by savage chieftans in lands afar.

Banner of Men Who Were Free.

Little we owe to the England of this her lesser day,
But much to the field of Naseby, the spirit of
Runnymede;
The bold adventurous Angles, who never shrank from
the fray
When Liberty cried aloud in her hour of need.

Aloft on the dome of truth, in the city of brotherly
love,
A sign to the world of hate, of Christ enthroned
in the state,
Symbol of peace, like the olive leaf and the messenger
dove,
Flew the flag of our fathers—the sign of a just
debate!

But they dare to raise its standard on a field where
the battle smoke,
Is rent with the groans of the slain, like the fallen
of Lexington;
Where the eagles have traveled afar from the vultures
of war which croak
O'er the bodies of those who died for the prize
that it should have won?

Banner of Men Who Were Free.

Flag of a noble race, no longer our flag in truth,
Borne by a hostile hand in a cause of shame,
Give us the banner that flapped in the eyes of the
nation's youth
And sent a thrill through the world of its fault-
less fame!

Yet, if its soul shall perish, take it for what it was—
For the shroud of those who worship the dead
ideal;
Dead to lie with the dead beneath the recurrent grass,
No longer to grieve for the lost and no more to
feel.

AMERICA IN 1804.

(America Conquers Europe.)

Foul shapes that hate the day, again grown bold,
Late driven hence, infested fane and court.
The laurels of our victory were amort.
Vile King-craft with his breed of blood and gold
Took heart to see the ancient wrongs infold
Our life, and childish figments which disport
I' that pale light whose essence mayn't support
Realities, in Freedom's hall to hold
Sick carnival did troop. But at the height
Of that debauch, while yet could be erased
The smut and spittle from the sacred chart,
Written in blood—a man whose soul gave light
Intolerable to kings, their power abased,
As he subdued the empire of the heart.

AMERICA IN 1904.

(Europe Conquers America.)

Strong for the strong and in his own conceit;
Half-boy, half-madman, playing with the fire;
Usurper, hoodlum, wed to his desire;
Loud in the hunt—afraid albeit to beat
The wolves which reared him—always with swift
feet,
Booted and spurred to huddle in the mire
The malcontents, though Freedom die—no higher
Launching his truncheon; only to the street
Thundering at millionaires; unlearned, though read,
In human agony—surrendered up
To glory, war—of empty pomp the chief—
Europa, thou hast conquered! with bowed head
For Freedom slain (who prayed might pass the cup)
We pray, in faith, thy triumph may be brief!

ON A PICTURE OF JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

If thou, Columbia, dost from this, thy son—
The condor beak and python eyes—recoil,
Bethink thee of the years that Freedom's soil
Was husbanded by devil-feet which run
To scatter lies and wrongs; until thereon
Huge growths do thrive, once meadow, by the toil
Of pioneers; where now resort for spoil
The mouths and beaks that hunt for carrion.
In years to come, if men mid the debris
Of this republic shall explore the cause
Of vast decay, two faces will appear:
The perjured Marshall, who with sorcery
Planted the jungle of unequal laws,
And this huge reptile, now a nation's Fear!

RACE SUICIDE.

"Get children," says Commodus. Why unbar
The portals of the earth? Pre-natal dead
If you had entered here the god of war
Had slaughtered you to crown ambition's head!

EPITAPH FOR A DEAD SENATOR.

Alas! he died when swill flowed far and near,
While there were other pearls and deeper mud.
Muse of the belly, drop a briny tear,
The educated hog has crossed the flood.

HAIL! MASTER DEATH!

When conquerors lift the bloody shield,
 Showing the fallen's ooze of life,
And on a waste of blasted field
 Joy quickens to the drum and fife,
Then the weird brood of flame and fate,
 Far under ground, are ill at ease,
And rock their bodies, as they wait,
 When Death shall strangle even these.

The banquet board is red and white,
 And laughter bubbles with the wine;
But what's the meed of this delight?
 The pauper's children peak and pine!
Enough! our sisters laughing stir
 The prescient worm, which scents and sees
The feast time shall not long defer—
 For Death shall strangle even these.

Hail! Master Death.

Tumbled at last in earth and lost
 To church bells, sycophant and priest,
The sodden hulks of those who crossed
 The world with sorrow west and east.
True Holder of the scales and sword,
 God of all Gods, whose stern decrees
Scatter the emperor's bloody hoard—
 Great Death who stranglest even these!

So we shall not forever lie
 In graves o'er run by cloven feet—
We, vanquished who were first to die;
 We, hooted from the judgment seat.
Come armed hands and hands that clutch
 The bauble world, fall to your knees—
Oh you who triumphed over-much—
 For death shall strangle even these.

SUPPLICATION.

For He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are dust.—
PSALM CIII. 14.

Oh Lord, when all our bones are thrust
Beyond the gaze of all but Thine;
And these blaspheming tongues are dust
Which babbled of Thy name divine,
How helpless then to carp or rail
Against the canons of Thy word;
Wilt Thou, when thus our spirits fail,
Have mercy, Lord?

Here from this ebon speck that floats
As but a mote within Thine eye,
Vain sneers and curses from our throats
Rise to the vault of Thy fair sky:
Yet when this world of ours is still
Of this all-wondering, tortured horde,
And none is left for Thou to kill—
Have mercy, Lord!

Supplication.

Thou knowest that our flesh is grass;
Ah! let our withered souls remain
Like stricken reeds of some morass,
Bleached, if Thou will, by ceaseless rain.
Have we not had enough of fire,
Enough of torment and the sword,
If these accrue from Thy desire?
Have mercy, Lord!

Dost Thou not see about our feet
The tangles of our erring thought?
Thou knowest that we run to greet
High hopes that vanish into naught.
We bleed, we fall, we rise again;
How can we be of Thee abhorred?
We are Thy breed, we little men—
Have mercy, Lord!

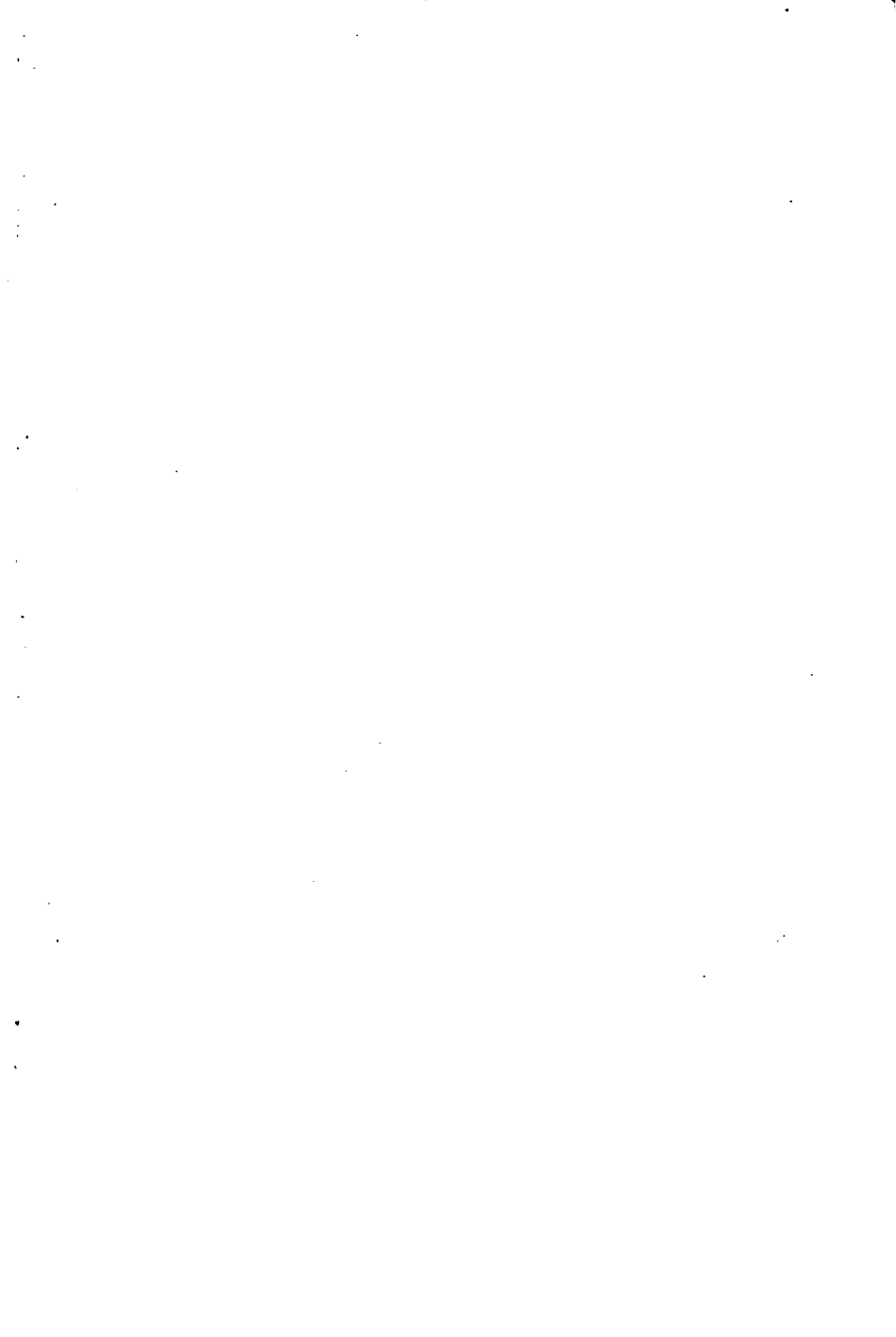
Wilt Thou then slay for that we slay,
Wilt Thou deny when we deny?
A thousand years are but a day,
A little day within Thine eye:
We thirst for love, we yearn for life;
We lust, wilt Thou the lust record?
We, beaten, fall upon the knife—
Have mercy, Lord!

Supplication.

Thou givest us youth that turns to age;
And strength that leaves us while we seek.
Thou pourest the fire of sacred rage
In costly vessels all too weak.
Great works we planned in hopes that Thou
Fit wisdom therefor wouldst accord;
Thou wrotest failure on our brow—
Have mercy, Lord!

Could we but know, as Thou dost know—
Hold the whole scheme at once in mind!
Yet, dost Thou watch our anxious woe
Who piece with palsied hands and blind
The fragments of our little plan,
To thrive and earn Thy blest reward,
And make and keep the world of man—
Have mercy, Lord!

Thou settest the sun within his place
To light the world, the world is Thine,
Put in our hands and through Thy grace
To be subdued and made divine.
Whether we serve Thee ill or well,
Thou knowest our frame, nor canst afford
To leave Thy own for long in hell—
Have mercy, Lord!





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